

BWD

ADULTS ONLY

no. **3** 75^p

Truely ThiS Zine is ThE SoN of GoD!

BUGS AND DRUGS

IS TRUE! IS GOOD!

DEMOLISH
SERIOUS
CULTURE



ACTION! BEER! DEVASTATION AND GRUNT!

FISTS, FLY, BLOOD SPURTS, BONES SHATTER, AND BUILDINGS CRUMBLE

Bitten

BY SELL BUGS & DRUGS TO UNSUSPECTING MUGS!

DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! Sell this plush pamphlet to friends, fools and Franciscan nuns! HERE HOW. Tell how many you require (10, 20, 30, 100 etc), we send them to you and PAY THE POSTAGE, you flog them quicker than scabies eating young rabbits flesh, you keep 25p a copy and send us back 50p a copy. It's so easy it's STOOPID!

HUMILIATION IN SECONDS

PEP! POLY! OLD MANS CUFFS! I SUCCUMB TO THE POWER OF GODS NAYEL FLUFF!

THE BUG!

OK! OK! Take that shotgun OUT of your mouth, get your fucking head OUT of the gas oven and DUMP those sleeping pills! We're back! At last! Fuelled up with more bite than a RABID BADGER and DUMBER than a box of rocks! Ready to grapple your senses 'til you beg for mercy! Determined to shake the stick of SENSELESS stupidity!! Committed to pushing ideas that could, potentially, have someone's EYE out!!!! And YES there has been a 'slight' price increase. So what's 25p to you anyway? The price of a cup of ANTHRAX or perhaps part share of a fancy luminous condom?! So quit you MOANING and start thinking about jerking off to Duran Duran records.....

ON MARS THERE IS NO WORD FOR "FRIEND"

WOMAN BUST YOUR BOTTOM HOME-BOY!

WHEN THE CARROT ARRIVES...

BEFORE we leg it off to shave some large men, there's a brand new BUGS & DRUGS t-shirt going spare to anyone who can tell us what film does the front cover cannibalised "Truly this 'zine is the son of God" come from? And who the bugger did say it?! Answer on the bonnet of a ten ton truck to the usual address... Keep them peeled for issue four in the early NEW YEAR and until then bang the head that does not bang!

THE BUGGERS AND DRUGGERS

SHOPS CAN SELL B&D TOO!

Get in touch with us for substantial discount on wholesale rates. Pile high, sell low! We also do snazzy deals on all t-shirts... All on sale or return!

SHE BATHED IN VIRGIN BLOOD TO STAY ETERNALLY YOUNG!

LONDON DISTRIBUTORS & SHOPS

For dead cheap wholesale rates on ALL "Bugs & Drugs" items (this issue, back issues, shirts etc...) contact SHANE on 071.8371977 for quick delivery and such!!

HONEY GLAZED FUCK STICK

SPANNERS Who DONE IT

BEAR HACKENBUSH, BEANO BRAZDOV, SID DELICIOUS, REV. NORBERT UGLY, CHAOS - CHAOS UK, JO GO'N'BLOW, RICH HOLDEN, YAN AND ADAM (Go Die Corp), JOHN MCLEAN, BOUNCER TRELAWN, JOSIE WHALES AND SISTER ROACH, JESS, AMERICAN JO... AND ANY BODY WE STOLE STUFF OFF.

ADVERTISE AMONGST OUR LUSH PAGES

Stick an ad in issue FOUR and SHIFT product. With a 7,500 print run AT LEAST you'd be pig blinded by cheap porn not to take advantage of our rates. QUARTER PAGE-£12.00, HALF PAGE-£22.00, FULL PAGE-£47.00

The deadline is FEBRUARY 20TH. Print ready artwork is cool, but we'll reduce/enlarge if required. Say if you want your ad near any certain bit (Record Reviews, What'll It Be, etc...). Cheques and enquiries to "C. WESTON" at the usual address.

SUBSCRIPTIONS & OVERSEAS RATES

UK - £3.50 gets you the next FOUR issues dumped on your doormat by a hunchback, saving you literally... er... some money. EUROPE - one issue £1.00/4 I.R.C.'s/\$2.00, Four issue subscription £4.50/12 I.R.C.'s/\$9.00

USA & CANADA - One copy \$3.00, a four issue thing \$12.00. Airmail where needed, Cheques to "C. WESTON"

Click my docs

OUR ADDRESS! B&D, P.O. BOX 960, BRISTOL BS99 5QU

Creeping, Crawling, Flesh-Eating

MOUTH ON A STICK!

UP YOURS BUDDY! UP YOURS MATE! SUEDE ARCS BOLLOCKS AND THEY CAN'T MASTER BATE!

EATIN' SCRAMBLED EGGS OFF MARC BOLANS LEGS!!

I LIKE WORMS PUTTY!

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODD

WITH SGT. THROAT CANCER

GREEN

PIECE

CRUSTY QUIM TRUMPET

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU STINKIN' NORM!

I KNOW 3 SWEAR WORDS!

NUMBER TWO!

I SWEAR, YOU ARE THE HORNIEST PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN!

IS THAT BAD?

YES, IT IS, ONCE YOU START UNZIPPING YOUR PANTS IN RESTAURANTS—

That's what, by-the-blood-engorged-dick-of-Donald-Duck, happens! Then hordes of goatie bearded goons come wading onto the dancefloor like they was born n' bred in Downtown L.A. (instead of some pox hole in Sussex which is truth, and so!) thinking the very walls of authority will come tumbling down if they lungs "MOTHERFUCKER!" in a bargain based yank red pubes need shaving

accent!! And BE-FUCKERY it don't end there! Nine Inch Nails! Red Hot Chili Peppers! The funk crock continue! No limit! Pile on! Conclusion? Indie babe gets more bored than a dog that can't lick his own danglin' bits and storms off home to write a letter to "Guitars and Dr Martens are Fucking Spiffy Monthly!"

Planet of the Clocks

I mean, suck me up in the devil's vacuum cleaner for charity, but can a MAN not entertain a Wonderstuff lovin' she-cat without gettin' the mighty swarl of COCK ROCK stuffed in his earage?! SNARL! GNASH! Calls for musical apartheid start, like NOW! Hmm... ITEM! The "Four Non Blondes" are they not

A box of matches and three goats please.

ROVER THE SMOKING DOG

ROVER THE SMOKING DOG is the newest Scientific Novelty that will fascinate you and your friends for hours. Just insert cigarette in his mouth and watch Rover puff away as even blows Smoke Rings. Comes complete with pack of cigarettes. You get \$1.00 postpaid. Write for Catalogue

Free Xmas Novelty NOVELTY MART, 59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y. Dept. 376

tre' cool in a me-dig-today/me-in-deep-shame-for-liking-in-6-months-time kinda fashion. So into "Tunes-R-Us" you goes, proud and erect as a "Snickers" bar, to purchase the said acts' way wholesome debut LP and some snaffling little dip-shit know-all behind da counter say it don't come out on vinyl!! Would I like it on CD? Argggkk! HOLY

FUCKIN' VERITABLE BASTIONS OF UNETHICALNESS BATMAN!!

Do I look like I want to stroll into "Richer Sounds" with my slacks round my ankles and declare "Sell me a CD player you frigger and then if you would'n't mind shoving this table leg up my anal column - no, please, no lubricants thank you and then tattooing "Jackass" on my forehead, I'd be much obliged" Gads and plastic TIT monsters! ME WANT VINYL!! Is cheap! Tastes good Kapesch? And before you no-sell-out snivellers start mewling like beached dolphins, like a flying PISS POPSCLE, I care if all the hipster "underground" bands release their shit on 7" party-n-puke coloured vinyl. Me need corporate rock on 12 inches of stinkin' hot plastic!

Give me RECORDS or give me Billy Idol's fax number so's I can ask him round to implant a partridge-in-a-pear-tree in the crack of my BUTT! My rage knows no bounds. Go now, you suck and are quite stupid. YRS SGT THROAT CANCER

two arms, one eye, and a mouth that spat a lot.

There you is, best drinking trousers on with a foxy young indie chick in tow. (Girls! Wipe the chick bit and stick in some Keanu Reeves lookalike OK?) You're at the local pub needing some jingle jangle thrills in an entirely hurrah-for-our-majesty mode

(Y'know Carter, Ride, all them flapheads) to get your partner all happied up so you can shoot home after and RUT like the depraved slime beasts you really is. And what happens?! "KILLING IN THE NAME OF!"

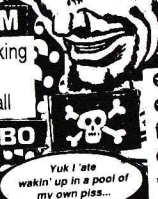
THE KIDS



HATE YOU

- **THE ENTIRE JIM ROSE CIRCUS** for being a perty bunch of old victorian circus freaks.
- **THE PEOPLE** who actually pay good money to see members of said circus lift weights with their willies and drink their own sick.
- **THE SPIN DOCTORS:** 'Cos they're just crap old session musicians whose singer looks like a friggin' pixie.
- **"PAPA" & "NICOLE"** from that TV car ad, cos they live in a bloody great mansion in France but still drive around in a poxy Renault.
- **EVERYONE** who has ever appeared in one of those colour supplement "Day in the Life" feature things and blatantly lie about getting up at "4.15 every morning, because I simply can't stay in bed a moment longer."
- **LATEX MOD NOSES**
- **THE SORT** of complete cunt who names their kid "Kylie" or "Elvis"
- **KEITH FLOYD** for getting paid vast amounts of licence-payers money to go gallivanting off round the soddin' world and getting pissed right up in exotic locations.
- **ANYONE** who actually owns a TV licence anyway.
- **SMACKED BOTTOM**
- **BONO FROM U2** for dressing up in those fucking silly clothes that are obviously made from old bin liners and carrying on like a demented old vicar all the time.
- **RADIO CONTROLLED LEZBO**
- **PEOPLE** who actually met their partners through "Dateline"
- **THE SORT OF TOSSERS** who think they're really "it" just 'cos they own a grainy fifth-rate video copy of "Clockwork Orange" AND insist on watching it every Friday night after the pub.
- **ALL THE PEOPLE** who got really excited about the Velvet Underground reforming.

- **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND** for being burned out old po-faced druggies who've never written a decent catchy song.
- **ANYONE** with webbed toes.
- **DAMION FROM BLUR** Cos he looks like a stupid old mod whose trousers don't fit properly.
- **ANYONE** that finds 'Garfield' cartoons even faintly amusing.
- **KINGMAKER:** Don't they just look and sound like the sixth form band you were punished with at 'end of term' assemblies.
- **PEOPLE** who've actually been to Euro Disney and then wear t-shirts saying "I've been to Euro Disney".
- **THE SORT OF GIT** who, in communal changing rooms, insists on wandering around starkers for as long as possible.
- **BJORK** simply for being named Bjork.
- **ANY PERSON** who has sent off for one of those "Distinguished" porcelain figurines or celtic thimble collections that you see advertised in the back of Sunday supplements or gardening magazines.
- **"STAR SECRET"** Dolly Parton wears a toupee. On her breasts!
- **IN FACT** anyone for that matter who actually buys a gardening bloody fucking magazine.
- **THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN** They're just miserable Scottish goths who should be forced at gunpoint to wear full clown's make-up and listen to "Take That" records.
- **FLABBY OLD FOOLS** in posing pouches who play volleyball on crowded beaches.
- **RIOT GIRLS** Cos they've all got stupid "bob" haircuts like them two posh ones off that "House of Elliot"
- **COURTNEY LOVE** Cos she's got goggle eyes like one of those tacky gonks you win at a fair.
- **HENRY ROLLINS** For performing a whole tour of airhead poetry and other such waffle, when he should be stage diving, fighting members of the audience and showing off his tattoos.
- **NOT ONE**, not two, but the entire fucking Oxo family.
- **STUDENTS** that pay for a bag of chips by cheque.
- **THE SORT OF ARSE HEAD** who says "S'cuse n' fingers!" when helping themselves to food.
- **THAT SARAH CRACKNELL** out of St Etienne who's in every bloody magazine from Smash Hits to Gardener's Weekly, dressed up in bloody 60's jumble sale clothes and posing around with a spotty umbrella trying to hide the two ugly ones.
- **FRENCH EXCHANGE STUDENTS** with their pastel clothes and those god awful back packs with a big stupid clock on the flap.



IT'S MATCHY + STICKY

HEY STICKY! I'M REALLY BORED.

YES, ME TOO MATCHY!

H-EYES

LOOK, THERE'S A HEROIN USER!

HELLO! WOULD YOU HELP ME INJECT MY DRUGS PLEASE!

O.K. THEN!

WATCH OUT STICKY!!

DOOPS!

GASP!

TRIP!

OH DEAR! ALL THE DRUGS ARE NOW IN YOUR EYEBALL.

YES, AND I HAVE NOW GOT FACIAL TATTOOS AND A BEARD.

EMPTY

OH WELL, AT LEAST NOW YOU CAN GET TO USE THAT DISPOSABLE RAZOR YOU BOUGHT EARLIER!

YES! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

THE END

Someone has just inserted an oily penis into my ear

TEEN ANGUISH

MONOPOLY GAME ON FIRE! DO NOT PASS GO! WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE!

NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE MEANING OF FETTER!

CANNIBAL GIRLS

GINGER BRIGADES AT A CLOCK!

BEHOLD! I SIRE A BROOD OF FOULISH MOON CALFS!

UNI SEX NIRVANA PANTS

ALL THOSE STUCK UP, swishy haired girls who blab on about their precious bloody skin on that fucking face cream advert, who deserve to be pinned down and given very poor quality facial tattoos.

PEOPLE who wear clogs without a hint of shame.

OLD AGE PENSIONERS Cos they spend all their money on mothballs, tinned stewing steak and Bingo.

EVAN "Look at me I'm sexy and isn't my hair in wonderful condition" Dando from the Lemonheads.

Allowing 'boy punks to slobber all over your face in a crowded shopping centres

BEATRIX POTTER

For making small children endure mentally scarring performances of ballet dancers prancing around in weird costumes and overly large rodent heads.

P.J. HARVEY

for making crap rockabilly records and getting all her clothes out of the "Playschool" dressing up box.

ANYONE with a tattoo of a cup of tea on their forearms.

EXCUSE ME, COULD YOU LET ME HAVE A CAN OF LEOPARD'S FANNY BATTER?

BISCUITS

that cost less than 30p a packet.

AUSTRALIANS

who think they're really clever just 'cos they can sit on the beach in the middle of winter... And they wanna get rid of our Majesty.

MICK HUCKNALL

He's simply a cunt.

This is a fish! spat Christ.

Round 'em up like cattle and have 'em shot like pigs, that's our motto!! Send in your venom filled nominations to the "KIDS HATE YOU" chart, the only chart with breath that stinks of mackerel custard!

Entries in by 31st December and post 'em to: "B&D, P.O. BOX 960, BRISTOL BS99 5QU".

The first three lucky entrants out of the bag will be chased around their garden by a sexy man.

WE CARE MORE

SNAP TOGETHER PLASTIC TABLE TOP CRUCIFIXION KIT

I'm going to cut down a small loin-cloth tree darling.

A CRETINS GUIDE TO CONCERTS

BRANNG!



U-LIKE!

GIGS FOR LAUGHS! GIGS BE FUN! GIGS FOR THE PRICE OF A NICE STICKY BUN! Yes, live performances by thrusting young bleeders can sure be a hoot and a **HALF**. Loud music! Hair! Feedback! Slipping over in a puddle of Hoffmeister! It's all there and my god it smells of **SWEAT!** But the live band situation can be a living, breathing hell with a big squidgy head on it... just like Chris Tarrant! So to save all you buckaroos from a fate worse than waking up with an "Ed the Duck Anal Plug" fully

inserted, "B&D" is proud to present the proper-as-a-posh-pair-of-tights guide to the concert going and all such McFuckery that's connected. Go to it, or forever have goat-like breath.

SOME THINGS TO TAKE WITH YOU

A ticket, money, some clothes.

SOME THINGS NOT TO TAKE

A portable four track recording studio, a pair of stilts, little bits of scalpel blade super glued underneath your fingernails, your "Fuck the Bouncers" t-shirt, some geese, your mum.

THAT BLEEDIN' GIG LINGO EXPLAINED

SOUNDHECK - The bit that keeps you standing outside while the band are onstage making crap "in" jokes and playing Iggy Pop and the Stooges cover versions.

ROADIE - Failed musician who walks about looking self-important and carries a stupid little torch on the end of a bit of fucking telephone cord.

BLOOD DRINKINGCLOWN



SERUM OF SATAN



WILD BIKE RIDERS-VS-DUNE BUGGY BOYS!

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BLOOD DRINKINGCLOWN

Suck on that truckers massive tool

THE PIT - Place where you lose your earrings and some bongo-brain in a "Pop Will Eat Itself" t-shirt lands on your shoulders.

ENCORE - Break between songs where the group goes off stage, pretends to take drugs and then

IT'LL BE ALL PLAY IN YEAR 2000

comes back on when they hear as much as a cough and a fart coming from the audience.

YOU FAT BASTARD - An almost Noel Cowardesque-in-wit content chant that is started up by the crowd as soon as the guitarist breaks a string.

TOUT - Honest, hard working chap with a wife and kids to support who will break your nose if you ask him to knock 50p off the price he's asking for a ticket.

SEVEN STEREOTYPES YOU ALWAYS SEE AT GIGS

- ★ Crustie old sod outside who begs money but never goes in 'cos they've fallen asleep drunk and wet themselves.
- ★ Allegedly cool bloke who stands at the bar all night, who's trousers are too tight and has a bald spot!
- ★ Girl who runs to the front as soon as the doors open and as soon as the band starts gets crushed to fuckery, starts to cry and is eventually taken away by the St John's Ambulance.
- ★ Person with short hair and crap tattoos who insists on doing some kind of poor quality "chicken dance" throughout the entire set.

AGGRAVATED PUNK STYLE GOAT

YOU CAN LEARN TO BECOME TOTALLY*USELESS

IN YOUR SPARE TIME WITH MY BOLD NEW PLAN, STUDY IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN HOME. SEND 25¢ TO: 30X 2307, PROV. R. I., 02906, FOR ALL THE DETAILS

★ A group of ageing ex-punks in cheap leather jackets around at the back picking fault with everyone and comparing the band to some shitty assed group they saw ten years ago.

★ Courting couple who decide to have a shag in the only toilet cubicle that's not full to the brim with bog roll and empty vodka bottles.

★ Overweight man with carrier bag selling photocopied bits of paper with things about "Huggy Bear" written on them, who says "Go on, it's only £1.50 and you do get a free staple ha, ha, ha..."

GIGS FOR FUCK ALL

★ Phone up the concert hall, saying you're from the local free advertiser rag and you want to do a whopping great feature on the venue. But you can

Anyone fancy a game of strip mountaineering?

EVERYONE SHOULD BE KILLED

only make it along tonight, so you "might as well" see the band as well. (Good one for mouthy gits)

★ Alternatively, find out the name of the local papers' poncey old rock "critic" as they're ALWAYS on the guest list. Use his name early on in the evening while the said hack is still down the pub being a disgusting old lush.

★ Swipe your big brother's "Led Zep World Tour '75" t-shirt, stuff a pillow down the front for a wobbly beer gut effect, then wipe yourself down with a greasy old sock, pour brown ale down your trousers and pass yourself off as a roadie.

★ Find out which pub the band are getting sloshed in before the show, swagger in looking mournful, saying "Well I used to go and see Blah, Blah, all the time when they played down at the "Dog & Cuttlefish" but **MAN!** The ticket prices now... not like the old days...moan, gripe..." Bands are complete suckers for pleasing long standing fans, will feel all guilty about "selling out" and will instantly give you a backstage pass so you can go and drink their beer and make a fool of yourself.

★ Stand outside grovelling for "spare change", get pissed off after you collect just 39p (and a greek coin). Beat up a small person and steal their ticket.

★ Leggit round and round the gig hall, find the toilet window, clamber through and get kicked out for being a filthy old man 'cos it's actually the girls loo.

REPENT! Quit Your JOB! SLACK OFF!

3 Songs: Forever / No Way / Shed Off The Pounds

3 Grooves

3 Little Pigs

'the best things come in threes'

get '?' in record shops that care

or send £2.65 (incl. p+p) to:

HERB GARDEN / 42 Records

P.O Box 48

82 Colston Street

Bristol Avon UK

send p. orders, IRCs, well hidden cash etc. (cheques to Herb Garden)

and don't forget your name and address!

vinyl for YOU on 42

distribution: Cargo / DSA4

strictly limited totally ordinary edition

*** COMING SOON ***

Look out for the new Herb Garden LP

'NMS DISASTER'

to be released on

WORDS OF WARNING Records

NECKTIES ARE HOT!!

★ Gather together a group of ticketless and disgruntled punters, storm the doors shouting crap politico cliches and while the kids take a good hammering from the bouncers, sneak in and lose one million karma points.

Bollard-brain

★ Spot some bod flogging unofficial band merchandise outside, tell security (who'll proceed to chase him down the road with baseball bats), then get a pat on the head and a free entry for being a dirty little grass.

POINTY VAMPIRE SHOES

★ Start blubbing and crying in front of the queue outside until some member of the opposite sex takes pity on you and gives you a spare ticket (and a bit of the other if you're lucky).

★ If all else fails, phone up the venue saying you're a mad-as-a-brush ALF bomber and that you've planted an incendiary device in the building. You don't get to see the show, but neither does any other fucker. **You've had your arms amputated.**

So there it is gigsters. Cut it out, pin it to your fridge door or perhaps have it gift wrapped and send it to Sean Connery - but only when his pubes are in soft focus!!

Next issue we investigate the connection between your favourite indie bands and cheap black "juggernaut sized" vibrators like you get in

Ann Summers.

HERB GARDEN

OUT NOW!

I'LL TAKE A FUCKIN' DOZEN! KA-PESH!

AVAILABLE NOW on 42 Records

(that's the name of the label, clever!)

I let two dozen slugs into him. Then, I lit a fag, kicked him in the heart a few times, and left.

DAMN YOUR SPERM FOR! EVER, KERB CRAP!' said a fat head at the wheel of a bus.

HOW THE HECK TALL

GO ON! RUCK OFF!

IT'S NO USE STRUGGLING! YOU MUST LEARN TO OBEY! AND BONDAGE WILL SUIT YOU!

IS KURT ANYHOW?

BLUE SUDE SHOES! HUBBA HUBBA! TOUCH MY QUIFF! FEEL MY BLUBBER!

A CHILD CRIES, A WOMEN BREAKS DOWN! BUT THIS IS NOT THE WORK OF DEEP PAN PIZZA!!

'CONTROVERSY! WONDER! MASS BEFUDDLEMENT! TWELVE ON THE POUND STERLING!

Gosh, what a thorny question!!! Various individuals have sworn on a pile of "Plain Truth" back issues that he's 5'8" big. We insists to the contrary! As always, majority decision must govern such shit, so we put it to you, the devoted "BUGS & DRUGS" readership! Just how lanky or squat is the Angry Young Throat???

I BEAT THE DRUMS, I HIT THE BASS! I EAT THE CARB PASTE, I PUKE ON DRONGO'S!

Nose-pick brain

BEST BUTT PHOTO! ERECTION FORMED BY TOTO!

a polite warning: THIS HOUSE IS NOT A HOME!

LOOK AT THE LEG THAT CREEPS BUT THERE'S NO BODY

IT'S NOT EASY BATHING IN A PAPER BAG ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE ONLY A HEAD

THE HOT-BLOODED BEAUTY IN THE COLD FREEZER

THE DOCTOR HAD HIS LAST HOUSE CALL

JUST LOOK AT THE WAY THEY'RE DYING IN THE LIVINGROOM

"HOUSE OF CRAZIES"

SEE THE LITTLE METAL MAN AND HIS BIG KNIFE

used to wear to high school

5'10", but only when wearing the high heels and bouffant wig he used to wear to high school

5'10", but only when wearing the stiletto heels, bouffant wig, red lipstick, fishnet stockings, merry

A TURKEY OF A LAUGH

widow corset, "Fuck-me" mini skirt, blue eyeshadow and false lashes that he used to wear when he would skip high school and hang around hotels, calling travelling salesmen "sailor" and asking them for cigarettes

Face it, the Fucker could be in "Time Bandits"

THE JACKPOT

This is the POT that all the Boys down at the Wave house jack off into. Well, it's just about full & we'll sell it to you for only 66¢

00086 Jackpot

Well, hey tick a box and send in your guess. Kurt's gotta renew his drivers licence soon and the lads in a quandry about some of the particulars...

Next issue! Guess how many flies can be fitted into the bodily form of Kurt's mum, Ms Yoko Ono!!

"B&D" SHIRTS ON THE INSIDE BACK PAGE

NurseY RhYmE CORNER!

WIN A LIVE RAT FOR YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW!

SHIMMY! FOR GRAVEL!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul Covered in vinegar and brown paper.

Hickory, dickory dock, The mouse ran up the clock, The little dog laughed to see such fun, And the dish ran away with a hard-on.

EAT PICKLED BEARD

Jack and Jill went up the hill And had ten thousand men.

Polly put the kettle on Polly put the kettle on Polly put the kettle on And then take it off and put some fucking clothes on, you bitch.

Ring-a-ring of roses A pocket full of posies A tissue, a tissue We all fall down a big hole That leads directly to hell where we are all eaten by Satan and his fiery hordes.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat His wife could eat not curds and whey So along came a spider And ran away with the dish Who still had a hard on And they had ten thousand men as well.

YELLOW! JELLY MEN! NOW CONTROL ALL MUPPET VENTURES! AND I HAVE PROOF!

the infinite Wit of adam & yan.

YOU CAN'T say we haven't been patient about the amount of beer we get in our glasses

WHERE FEAR AND VIOLENCE RAN THROUGH THE STREETS LIKE AN OPEN SEWER

'bin playin POO-balls?

THANK YOU FOR BANKING WITH US**

a startling fact:

At last, a connection between Hawkwind and corn has been discovered. Members of the band deny such allegations, but evidence suggests they regarded corn as a refreshing tonic during the seventies.

Enjoy your pint

THEY'RE HERE

YOU SHOULD BE HIDEOUSLY MIMED.

LAMBERT & BUTLER

Home & GARDEN

Water houseplants with a 50-50 mixture of vinegar and strong glue to give leaves a healthy shine. Bags of household rubbish and old clothes make attractive garden ornaments. Polish woodwork with urine and purple dye to bring out the wood's natural grain. Don't waste money on window cleaner, coarse sandpaper does the job just as well, easier on the arms too!

John Travolta SPANKED BEAVER

Ahhh! A Profound Glee, induced by Urine of Willy tree

ANT ON A PANT

This policeman was wonderful. He had understanding and compassion and helped calm us both down.

KILL!!

DURR! TABLE FOR ONE, PLEASE!

a startling fact:

Health wise, playing the keyboard is as much a hazard to oneself as smoking.

legalise all drugs FOR SPOCK

© THE GO DIE CORPS

HEY! YOU TOO CAN ADVERTISE YOUR SHODDY PRODUCTS IN THIS MAG!!

My favourite film ever is the Pearl & Dean cinema adverts. **RAVAGED IN RUBBER**

LOVELY

the Plebs
Write
Us things

LeTTUCE!

TWO FISTED LEGS

Just because you have your "Narcotics-U-Like" article doesn't mean I don't know what you're up to! Tell the aliens they can't get to me that way. They've given me warnings before, the Co-Co Pops advert proves it but those moving lights last night must have been two motorcycles splitting up while doing wheelies in mid air.

My dog's got no nob.

mustn't they? Just don't tell the CIA or M16 that you know. Have you noticed all the people that wear black these days? You've heard of the men in black (not the Strangers) haven't you? Well the Government agencies are recruiting the unemployed and brainwashing them into being spies on the rest of us. But then you might be one of them as well. I haven't put my address on this letter because they'll trace it and I'll disappear like the rest of them.... Go and check on the front door now if you don't believe me! Look behind you and watch the skies. Chris P

Dear Chris: Is this some kind of JOKE?! Any fool knows the warnings about evil alien conspiracies are on the back of "Ready Brek" packets! Lucky you didn't give your address or we'd have sent the ghost of Elvis round to take you roughly from the rear.

EROSTED NAUTILUS

Dear Buggers - **AGGRO**
Druggers, mong-muggers and horse todger-tuggers. Three raucous blasts on the sousaphone of congratulations and praise are due to thee for your mind-bending, spinebending, sodomised,

nun-befriending zine thang! All of us here in the jolly Middle-lands are looking forward to the next ring-stinger more than we look forward to the gnu-felching time at de zoo! 'Tis more fun than smothering yasef in baby food and surfing down the Congo aboard an inflatable Eammon Andrews! YES IT IS! More bloody larfs to be had than a month spent inserting plastic dinosaurs up a hamsters dirtbox

LEZBO * BOWLER HAT * APPLIANCE

Yes, MOURNFUL IS THE MELODY THAT ECHOS IN THEIR HEAD, AND SO THEY MARCH WITH OUT A BEAT BELIEVING BACK IS DEAD!

ALL I KNOW IS I NEED A DRINK

NO OTHER LAXATIVE GIVES YOU MORE GENTLE, MORE THOROUGH RELIEF!

I'LL KILL HER LATER.

AND LO, YOUR NAME DOES NOT APPEAR IN THE BOOK OF "FASST APPETIZERS FOR BEGINNERS!!"

HOW TO MAKE THEM ASK FOR HASH!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT BUM CRASHED OUT OVER THERE! LET'S SET HIM ON FIRE!

OPEN GLEET SURGERY!

Dear Buggers! **SALTY NIRVANA CIDER**

Thanks for the first issue of your fabulous tome and here's a story relating to it. Just after receiving it I was sitting on a bus having a good old read of it, when I noticed this weirdie sitting to my left, staring at the magazine. I then noticed he was reading the bible of all things. He leant over and said "Excuse me, would you

blindfolded!!! MORE, MORE, MORE, MORE, MORE (please). Anyway, s'far too much guzzling time being wasted on all this obsequiousness (that's arse licking to you doombrain). Yours with a soggy picture of the pope in his pants, Lee Bilious, Leicester

THE PICTURE WITH THE WARNING BELL!
When it rings - close your eyes if you're squeamish!

Dear Lee: Creep all you like you terrible fucker, but if you think we're going to release your kid sister from "Cellar of Mick Hucknall Doom" you're very much mistaken.

Dear B&D

I've just obtained Bugs & Drugs 2. It's pretty bleedin' good, let me put it that way! But one word of warning! Peter "let's give facism a chance" Bagge is probably going to sue if he sees this little gem! Particularly liked the Character Assassination cards. I live just a bus-journey away from Nottingham city and I've seen many of these people hanging around, especially Grunpers, Ravers and the dreaded Indie Kids. I'm just waiting for my turn (ulp!) Jonathon Kirk, Nottingham

Dear Jonathon: If you're referring to the same Peter Bagge who we steal the odd bit of cartoon off, then you're too damn late. We made an out of court settlement to the tune of a punch in the windpipe if he ever bothered us again. Nice letter but no cup-of-beetle-piss winner!

Dear Bugs & Drugs Agony Uncles

Why is it that today's cartoon characters are all so bollocks? My female friends and myself are all fairly well adjusted, yet we ALL had our first crushes on Jason off "Battle of the Planets", but none of the new cartoon people are remotely fanciable - you'd have to have a serious problem to work up any juice over Teddy fuckin' Ruxpin or that fat Mario git. Mind you, I bet you liked Jessica Rabbit's tits. Cheers

B&D say: Pah! That rabbit never wore a BRA! So where was the breasts. huh?! Correspondance on this subject is about as welcome as a carton full of herpes scabs.

Dear Buggers! SALTY NIRVANA CIDER

Thanks for the first issue of your fabulous tome and here's a story relating to it. Just after receiving it I was sitting on a bus having a good old read of it, when I noticed this weirdie sitting to my left, staring at the magazine. I then noticed he was reading the bible of all things. He leant over and said "Excuse me, would you

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like some more positive literature to read? I just put my head down and listened to what the psycho had to say, which was along the lines of that "things like that" had ruined his life for eight years but Jesus had chosen him and put him back on the course of righteousness and he

HONEY GLAZED ELASTICA

was to fight for righteousness for Jesus. So here I am on the bus with the Reverend Loonie telling me about the baby Jesus, trying not to titter, and what does he do next? He pushes the

ADAM and the ANTZ

Bible up against the widow and starts singing hymns to the people at the bus stop!!! As mad as a mongoose! I advise you, never come to Glasgow, and if you do, never get on a Drumchapel bus. Please rush me a t-shirt so I can ward off these mental cases. If this is what your zine does to them, I hate to think what a t-shirt will inspire!

B&D say: HA! Little did you know that was one of US! For tittering at one of our brethren you shall be forced to wear the Shirt of Eternal Masturbation every other Sunday.... Forever!

Bugs & Drugs

My close showbiz chum John Peel said to me in the pub, he said (actually it was on the radio but I'm a sad, pretentious wanker). He said your rag was delicious with a few dumplings, so I'm writing to you to find out if it really exists,

CUNNIE TONGUE

—it licks everything multi-speed ONLY £9.95

because it's a big risk with Mr. Peel....

1. So what are you, ex SKATE MUTIES or what?... 2. What kind of bugs a) Bugs (you're just nurdy insectologists and needs to share it?) b) Bugs (I'll get woo, woo cwazy wabbit) c) Bugs (VW Beetles, a natural progression from skateboards) d) Bugs (as in sod all to do with Bugs at all)...

LATEX GOD SHOES

Master of style and cool I ain't but c'mon, sticking biscuit crumbs to your nipples may be your idea of fucking the system but I HAVE to live in a house with cork tiles. I'm all out of your hair now, there's a S.A.E. enclosed, use it or fester in Hull with only Peter Purves for company. Joyce the Bunny, St Neots, Cambs

Dear Joyce: Jeezuz Christendom! Wot's with the buck teeth rodent obsession this issue? "I blame the Turtles" just like them spaced out clowns Back to the Peanut (or summin') once said... To address them points 1. Guilty without a hint of shame. 2. As in d), it was either that or "DRUGS & SILVER JUBILEE

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VENUS AS ABOVE! BRIDGE TO MR. M'COT

Hi Buggers! You may be interested in the fact that at the "Phoenix" festival earlier this year, one of the chants going around the crowd during the "riot" was "BUGS AND DRUGS! BUGS AND DRUGS!" etc.... Weird world huh? Love Tina, London

EXPLODING JOINT!

Skip the safe, harmless EXPLODING JOINT into a number and pass it. It will blow your mind. It's LOADS of fun! 169... 25... doc

HI Ya B&D

Hope you're well and dreaming up schemes to make people look stupid. B&D makes me laugh out loud and I think a lot of it is your observation and ability to make people who should

DISCARDED CIDER

flavons filled with piss

ANTI-VEGETARIAN

MARCH, Thursday 12.00, Berni Inn Piccadilly to Berni Inn Houns

SEX CENTURION

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TIKS OFF

Keep your ill thought out ramblings coming in, especially ones slagging off other fanzines. Address to: B&D, P.O. Box 960, Bristol BS99 5QU

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MUGS" which don't roll off the tongue quite the same... 3. Not for a new brand of sandwich spread we reckon... Nice letter and you win an Esther Rantzen costume with "easy access" holes in all the "right" places

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Call 'em punks. Call 'em animals. But you better get out of their way!

THE BIBLE SAYS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY

BLOODY Fucking Amazing!

- The world's heaviest riff was written by an IBM DX200 computer for charity
- The first television programme broadcasted by the BBC was a violent, abstract game-show set in a mobile Northern working man's club. The show was shelved after four episodes, after charges of blasphemy and gross indecency were brought

against the producer and host, Len Marple. Mr Marple's television career never really took off and he now spends his time bird nesting and committing adultery. The mobile club was last seen heading down the A6 wildly out of control.

POSTMAN'S KNOCKERS

- The world's cheekiest child was little Jimmy Chester. When told to shut up, he simply retorted by ripping the world's largest fart! Sadly, he never grew to maturity - his parents simply killed him.

- The use of tit-clamps was only outlawed in Britain as recently as 1722. They have since been replaced by whelks shrewdly threaded on nylon cord.
- Popular rock band Hawkwind have a baffling

appeal to very young babies and extremely old people. This is as yet unexplained. One theory suggests that the throbbing bass melodies stimulate certain glands, resulting in a not unpleasant tingling sensation in the bladder.

ORAL AROUSAL

BEN & KATIE



Later, they snogged, cabbed, curried, biffed and squirted.

By Doug Baker and Hernandez

- Basingstoke County Library is the only library in Britain with a room set aside for masturbation.
- The national dish of Finland is Chicken & Mushroom Pot Noodle and the national drink is lager shandy.

- The wisest monkey in the world is a seven year old Rhesus monkey called 'Chuck' who lives in a zoo in Chicago, USA. Chuck is a buddhist and has written several extremely wise articles for the Chicago Times. Unfortunately, Chuck was recently shot by a 'crack' gang.

- The Queen's Head in Congleton, Cheshire is the only pub in Britain to sell methylated spirits on draught. It is also unique in the fact that it has a special room set aside just for glue-sniffing.
- The tap water in Cornwall consists of 80% Pernod. The other 20% is a snakebite.

- The world's most talented shepherd is a Mr Ravi Akbar of Kabul, Afghanistan. He can simultaneously shear two sheep while smoking a fag.

- The chief export of New Zealand are small red bras full of excrement.

- All four members of popular rock band REM possess glass eyes. They all lost their real eyes fighting for Germany in the second world war. Their singer has murdered eleven children.

BANANA EATING LEATHER LADY

- Contrary to popular belief, most eggs on sale in supermarkets are laid by the managerial staff.
- During the Middle Ages, most people in Europe were under three feet tall. A minority of the population reached heights of up to twelve feet and an even smaller minority (less than 2%) possessed huge flapping wings.

Green, yellow + puke

- The majority of shootings in Los Angeles are done by a race of bearded ants, disguised as ethnic gang members. Their leader is none other than actor Sean Penn, disguised as an ant.

HIGH QUALITY SCREEN PRINT

on all types of garments

1

screen one
T-SHIRT PRINTERS

0272 422001

YOU GOT MILLER IN THE CAN? I ONLY DRINK MILLER IN THE CAN...



HOT STEEL BETWEEN THEIR LEGS THE WILDEST BUNCH OF THE 70s!

- Technically speaking, the continent of Asia is only as big as the county of Leicestershire. It also has the highest percentage of joke shops per capita in the world.

Battleship-grey Pillock-biter

- The use of subtlety when discussing matters of a personal nature is an art unknown to the world's rudest man, Mr Lee Tobias, a 54 year old joke shop proprietor of Preston. When the Queen came into his shop to purchase a pack of pornographic playing cards, he simply belched the national anthem and laughed.

TIGHT IRON CREVICE

- Technically speaking, it was the Sun Kung tribe of central Africa who started the Second World War. Headman of the tribe, Gareth Kung (aka King Kung) sent hate mail to Adolph Hitler pretending to be a Jewish shoe merchant from Poland called Mick. Gareth later apologised saying "I did it for a dare. I was pissed."

SLAVE GIRL SUSPENDERS

- Material very similar to denim has been found in a plastic bag in a crater on the moon by a team of French astronauts on a recent expedition. Surprisingly a certain Mr Craig Pernod of Chesterfield has stepped forward and claimed it. The French government is sceptical of Mr Pernod seeing as he has also claimed to be the owner of a pair of green pants found on the moon by a Spanish expedition in 1984 and a white donkey jacket discovered on the surface of Venus by an Italian team with the aid of space telescopes.

DISSOLVING CIGARETTE PAPERS

WHICH SOMEONE TOOK THE GIBBONS PAPER, IT COMPLETELY DISCOVERS DROPPING CONTENTS OF TOILET PAPER VICTIM'S LEFT! Many laughs.

HEY YOU BIG OAF! WHERE'S THAT BEER I ORDERED!



I'M SERIOUS! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL HOT AND BOTHERED, AND I'D HATE TO LET A PERFECTLY GOOD 'STIFFY' GO TO WASTE...

FONDANT HOMOSEXUAL TROUSERS

making delicious shepherds pies for a large German company." However, a police spokesman for the West Yorkshire Constabulary replied: "We know pies from drugs and what we found were levitating goats, individually wrapped in silver foil!"

YOU'VE TRACKED ME! YOU'VE STOLEN MY HUMAN FOAM! MY OWN BODY!!

SHOCKING! DOPE EXPOSE

● Rare recordings by the Beatles have recently been unearthed in a church vault in Camden. The material found includes a moody techno number by John Lennon entitled "Poland 1947 - 67; The Glory Years" a ramshackle blues song recorded by George Harrison and Ringo Starr, pissed in an Indian restaurant, and a tape of Paul McCartney farting over a synthesized drum beat.

©ADAM & YAN THE GO DIE CORPORATION

TEEN-AGERS ZOOM TO SUPERSIZE AND TERRORIZE A TOWN!

YES, YOU LITTLE SHIT CAKE BAKERS IT'S...

Have you Sagging Breasts?

CRUSTY TENNANTS



SECOND PRIZE! MONSTER!

Surprised woman says "Check out that hat! Look at that coat! Face like a Buddha and a dick like a stoat!"

Mary Farrel of Brighton - subscription winner

FIRST PRIZE JESUS APPLIANCE

Quiz Time!

WIN! WIN! WIN! SIN! SIN! SIN! And insert "JURASSIC PARK" toys into your mum's hair-dresser! It's THAT time again, time for ACTION! Time for people to GET UP and follow penguins in the pursuit of BIBLICAL PANTIE GIRDLES! Yes, it's the blessed-by-the-Swedish-god-of-cunnilingus "BUGS & DRUGS" competition! And boy, have we got a butane inspired one for you! But first we have the last issue's comp kinda outpourings, and Shakespeare should take Oscar Wilde out on a CAT STABBING expedition if 99% of the ree-fucking-sults weren't filthier than a blow job off a pizza crust eating WINO, so here we go again.

THIRD PRIZE! CIDER GLAZED L7 ROBOTS

A pair of "Birds of a Feather" oven gloves and a slap round the head to Stef of Avon for her very poor "Ere luv, nice back street colonic irrigation? Decent bucket and hosepipe job!" Wang-tickler

CONGRATULATIONS TO

BUGS N' DRUGS

ON THIS YOUR THIRD ISSUE
NOW HOW ABOUT SETTling MY BILL
FOR THE OTHER TWO?

McLEAN

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AT PRICES THAT WILL MAKE YOU TOSS
BACK YOUR HEAD AND ROAR

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RAMONES

LEZBO CLOWN EGGS



I'M TELLIN' YA TRUE, MAN! WE WEREN'T GONNA MENTION IT TO YA, WHAT WITH YOU GUYS BEIN' OLD PALS AND ALL, BUT WE CAUGHT HIM BUT-FUCKING THIS TRANSESTITE AT A PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT...



COMP PIC!



Mike Chalmers of North Yorkshire wins a posh "B&D" t-shirt and a subscription.

POKER HOT

HA! Felching trophies for all concerned! So scrub that bamboozle and continue in a trumpet nosed kinda vein and approach this issues comp-experience. Listen good freaks! 'Tis simpler than monkey's makin' monkey's make "Lego erections!" All you does is complete this tricky little sentence.

"I LIKE BUGS & DRUGS BECAUSE...."

Go to it trucksters! But please no more than 300 words. Entries that stink of butter will be disqualified. Send in before 31st DECEMBER or we give the singer of "Rage Against the Machine" a chinese burn!

MY TWIN DOLL LOOKS JUST LIKE ME



First Prize! A night out with the makers of "Bugs & Drugs!" Chips! Clubs! Sherry! Abject Stupidity! We even pay the winner and a friends bloody travelling expenses! It's true!

Second Prize! Un-identified "B&D" t-shirts and a life subscription to this 'zine at least!

Third Prize! A Sooty & Sweep castration kit!!

Remember quizheads, all answers in by 31st December. Winners will be notified by the baby Jesus. Send to "B&D", PO BOX 960, BRISTOL BS99 5QU". This competition has been brought to you in conjunction with Evo Stik, the home of sensible solvent abuse.

KITCHEN READY

22



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SOCIALIST WORKER TYPE

◆HANGOUTS - Found in large placard wielding crowd outside any worthy cause, event or gathering, trying to foist 'revolutionary' political opinions and crap newspapers on anyone who may pass by.

◆LIKES - To hijack the kids causes, shout loudly from the back of crowds at demonstrations and run a mile at the slightest hint of a riot van.

◆HATES - "Those sellout bastards in the Labour Party" People who get free lifts to a demonstration in London on the bus and then just go shopping.

◆FAVOURITE SAYINGS - "Maggie, Maggie, Maggie"... etc

◆PROBABLE NAME - Malcolm or Justin

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RIOT GIRL

◆HANGOUTS - Small downbeat pubs where 'the next big thing' are rumoured to be playing. Art house cinemas showing "Thelma & Louise"

◆LIKES - Frantically dancing at the front of a gig and punching any man in the throat who comes within a 5ft radius.

◆HATES - People who crimp their hair, the penis fixated music press, "L7" because they look and sound like "Bon Jovi"

◆MOMENT OF GLORY - Catching a chocolate bar thrown into the audience by the "Voodoo Queens"

PROBABLE NAME - Amelia

◆SWORN ENEMY - Death Metallor (38)

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BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS

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| 26 DUDE | 53 COOL CLUB DJ | 81 RUBBER CLUBBER |
| 27 STUDENT ARSE | 54 "WITH IT" PARENT | 82 ANARCHO TYPE |
| 28 BORN TO LOSERS | 55 TRAIN SPOTTER | 83 PERYV OLD |
| 29 AGEING PUNKER | 56 "FACE" MODEL | 84 BUSINESSMAN |
| 30 SUEDE TYPE | 57 RELIGIOUS NUTTER | 85 SAD FANZINE WRITER |
| | 58 BUSKER | |

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BUS STATION LOONY

◆HANGOUTS - Loitering around cheesy 70's decor cafeterias named "Trams" of "Double Deckers" in large inner city Bus Stations.

◆LIKES - To sit opposite you in said cafeteria exhibiting "collection" of bus tickets, pigeon feathers and plasticine genitalia.

◆HATES - Absolutely nothing.

◆FAVOURITE SAYINGS - "If I hold my breath for more than 30 seconds I wet myself.... see?"

◆PROBABLE NAME - Ernest Thrognarr IV

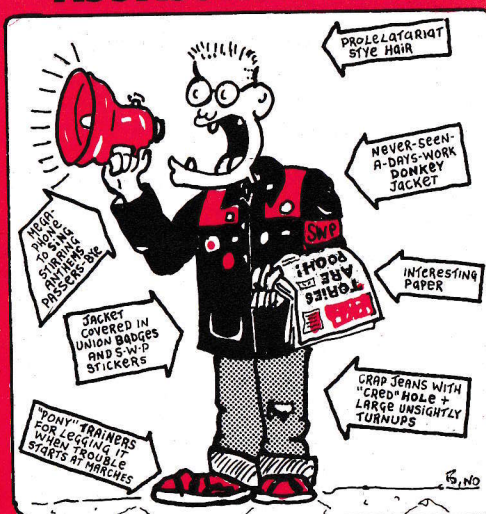
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RAMONES Pooing your pants at a gig by accident SALTY CREVICE

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS

HEY KIDS!
LOOKING FOR SOME
STEREOTYPICAL LAFFS?
THEN CHECK OUT THESE
SPECIAL BUBBLEGUM
CARDS, YOURS FREE IN
EVERY ISSUE OF BUGS &
DRUGS MAGAZINE!!

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



SOCIALIST WORKER TYPE

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



DEATH METALLER

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



STREET PERFORMER

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



BUS STATION LOONY

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



RIOT GIRL

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



SUEDE TYPE

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



FESTIVAL CASUALTY

74

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STREET PERFORMER

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Narrow public footpaths, pedestrian subways and crowded shopping precincts.
- ◆ **LIKES** - Cheap cloth juggling balls, rather amusing patchwork jester hats and policemen who don't move them on and are 'quite nice deep down really'
- ◆ **HATES** - "Businessmen who can't even spare a smile" The injustice that Paul Daniels does to the pagan entertaining arts, Lion Tamers and shoes.
- ◆ **PROBABLE NAME** - Trish, Zowie (and a dog called 'Blim')
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Crusties who "Can't get themselves together"

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DEATH METALLER

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - Outside gigs at 12.15 in the afternoon hoping to catch a glimpse of fave band arriving, or sitting on a 125cc trials bike at suburban "McDonald's Drive Through"
- ◆ **LIKES** - Living in the West Midlands, leather jackets with tassels, being fat, the devil and pretending he's speeding.
- ◆ **HATES** - Mum and Dad for not letting his band "Hellspants" rehearse in his bedroom and for making him go to church.
- ◆ **PROBABLE NAME** - Slasher (Robin)
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Born Again Christian (67)

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70

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FESTIVAL CASUALTY

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - 4.30 in the morning standing transfixed by a rotating kebab on the Disco Burger van, and actually enjoying the sub rave emitting from the vans shoddy P.A.
- ◆ **LIKES** - Warm 'Norseman' lager at £2.10 a can, buying acid from track-suited thugs, paxo and sawdust veggie burgers and "getting naked in the mud round the overflowing portaloos."
- ◆ **HATES** - Finding out on Monday morning that someone has nicked his tent and everything in it... and then having to hitch home naked caked in piss and mud
- ◆ **FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "Half-A-Mix" repeatedly shouted in Theatre Tent.
- ◆ **MOMENT OF GLORY** - Sitting on the front of a crap "Circus Mutanto" vehicle and riding up and down the main drag.

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27

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SUEDE TYPE

- ◆ **HANGOUTS** - At the bar alone, leaning in an awkward, twisted stance, drinking tomato juice and smoking "More" menthol.
- ◆ **LIKES** - Bands like Blur, Suede, Denim, Elastica because of their "very English attitude to music" and cos of their smart Bri-Nylon gear!
- ◆ **HATES** - American Grunger types - Stone Temple Pilots, Spin Doctors and anyone with a goatee or check shirt.
- ◆ **FAVOURITE SAYING** - "Better dead than plaid"
- ◆ **ALSO LIKES** - Going out of his way to be the sort of kid who used to get his head repeatedly put down the school bog.
- ◆ **SWORN ENEMY** - Seattle Rock Type (38)

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DO YAKS
SWIM??

Crazy Dancing Brownhatter

you ugly space critters... Looking for pisstake ads, some choice cut interviews and a couple scoops of satire then "MYOPIC DWARF" is your rich tea biscuit, worth 60p at least and say Hitler sent you. (93 Hawkfield Road, Whitchurch Park, Bristol, BS13 0BH)... Grand old "VAGUE" reaches issue 24 with all kinds of do

with living in Notting Hill, London... Most enjoyable reports from battle zone called life. Buy and fume (£2.50, BCM Box, 7207, London, WC1N 3XX)... Thick as a lady donkeys downstairs flap "ORGAN" piles it on with features on almost every cool band that has visited London this year. These buggers must be out 8 days a fucking week with their tape recorder. Graphically as smart as a polished beetle antler, it's sorta

LESBIAN LAVATORY LUST
This is to certify that
like an NME for scuzz buckets. Buy or eat nails. (75p PO Box 790, London, E17 5RR)... Mentioned last issue but worth a light tap on the behind this time are the latest copies "FEAR 'N' LOATHING" and "HOAX"... F.N'L continue with travel tales concerning Rage Against The Machine, Dwarves, Boston and more. Set out like an on-the-roadster diary, it's funny, frank and tinged with prune juice... HOAX the

PRUNES DO IT FOR YOU!
See... I MADE A SWITCHBLADE FROM THIS SHARPENED SPOON AND AN OLD HOLLOWED-OUT BROOMHANDLE.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE BLEEDING HEAD OF THE WORLD CUP GOLFER

SCUTTLE BACK TO YOUR PRAYERS, YOU CRAB-LICE, THE NIGHT IS WILD AND I MUST KEEP SOLITARY VIGIL FOR THE DAWNING LIGHT OF CHRIST THE SUN.



AT THANKSGIVING
STUDDER ELASTICA
PANTYHOSE



BEST for Home Pooping



"Monster Issue" gives you freaky shit on the Church of the Subgenius, poster subversion, urban myths and how to send a garden gnome round the world. The "BUGS & DRUGS" read or die zine of the issue, send them £1.00 and not tinned carrots. (64, Beechgrove, Abertoddu, Powys, Cymru)... Shit! The F.N'L address is 2 Fausset Hill, Canterbury, Kent, CT4

Bros Bonanza Can't help but chuckle at International Crises?
7AH just in case you actually need it... Some other new zine us taste nazis only just clapped eyes on is "MORAL SENSE", a fine old mix of garage sleaze (not a not dirty books hidden behind the lawnmower), Charles Manson rants, tips on suicide and some rather delightful photos of baby frogs having their legs burnt off with matches... Only joking! It's baby otters really.... A real breath of foul air (£1.00, Dept RHJ c/o PO Box 265, Manchester, M60 1FY)... Jehovah and swizzle sticks are you still reading this far!? A pat on the back and a long service medal fashioned outta a judges bum for you missus!

SUPERIOR MUTANTS
Anyhows we have to fit in more pictures of naked ladies so that's it. Do send us your publications and we'll send you ours if the voice in the cupboard will let us.



Principal Tenor with the
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LOVELY DAPPER

DiSCS!

This is the age of the spam

Piles'o' plastic! Cartloads of CDs!! Several seven inches!!! Yes, our hand picked team of toad gobblers are here to cast an auralling over some delicious recordings that we got free off some record companies and that. Extra marks were given for punctual guitar solos and marks were deducted for band members sporting full beards. So without anymore shagging around, let's get stuck in... As a somewhat addled Janis Joplin once said to the Greek god of facial massaging.

TENNANTS FROSTED CHESTS

PARALLEX "Bullet Proof Zero" (Mute EP)
SID DELICIOUS:- Sounds a lot like Senser being senseless.
BEANO BRAZOV:- It's the kind of thing Julian Clary would listen to and think was really Hardcore.
BEAR HACKENBUSH:- Would sound a lot better after a few well placed rugs, cyber punk rap rock... They probably play football with the Beggars ITA as well.

GINGER HEADED GOD

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS "Venus Luxure" (Touch & Go LP)
BH:- A might swirly, gothic, beginning to it all, could grow on you like a pleasant case of foot rot. SD:- Very wintry feeling to it, a bit like the Psychedelic Furs and Cop Shot Cop getting together to make a demonic snouman. BB:- May I say it's most grungey, at the risk of a severe physical beating. It's the sound of un-oiled machinery and they make good use of the plastic-coffee-cup-with-a-rattley-bottom vocal effect.

SCREAM "Fumble" (Dischord LP)

BH:- Ha! Sussed out! It's a cash in re-release 'cos the drummer of Nir"panties"vana used to be in this lot.

Baptists believe God created The Earth wearing 'Hazelbronze' maxwara

EVERYTIME I THINK ABOUT THE TIME I HAD SEX I GET NAUSEOUS.

YOUR MUTHA WEARS AN AFRO WITH A CHAIN STRAP!

Call the marketing ploy police! BB:- Stimulating 80's hardcore that sounds obscenely like Bad Brains times 1,000 at least. SD:- This is well rocked out as well - A bit proper metal-rock in places - and this used to be a band to wet your pants to. BB:- You can just picture yards of hair being swished around at the front of one of their gigs, like a sinister heavy metal car wash. Yuppie flats converted into disused warehouse by confused local businessman.
GUN SHOT "Children of a dying breed" (Vinyl Solution 12")
BH:- Rap-ragg-hiphop from the land of Michelle Fowler, loads of bits and bobbins influences here, spaghetti westerns, 70s films, Public Enemy and probably Dick Van Dyke in "Mary Poppins" as well. SD:- The sleeve tricks you into thinking they're a death metal kind of trip. The other track "Killing Seasons" is pretty peachy. BB:- Is pooh, yes?

THE INSULT THAT MADE A BIG SQUIRT OUT OF BITSY



IT'S BRUTAL!

2 VOLUPTUOUS GIRLS IN AN ALL-OUT, ALL NUDE, BLOODY FIGHT TO THE FINISH!



HOLY ROLLERS "Self Titled" (Dischord LP)
BB:- Ducks alive! This must be their third long player to date, they've got summin to do with Ian "Bodice Ripper" McKaye from Fugazi, the tricky little pixies! SD:- Sounds a bucket load like 'em as well, but the vocals are well whiney - not a fine whine at all. BB:- Well his voice reminds me of honey cake and fine wine, brilliant harmonies and

such... And I'll fight any man who differs on that. SD:- Reminds me of sad monks... too quirky. BH:- I shy away from it like a pony offered a handful of thistles. Do you ever get the feeling that "free will" is a joke?

ALIVE... WITHOUT A BODY... FED BY AN UNSPEAKABLE HORROR FROM HELL! CRIME-EEZEE

GROTUS "Glow Motion" (Alt. Tentacles LP)
 BH:- Stop/Start. It's got that bleeding annoying stop/start quality. Grr, gnash, makes me wanna go out and kick milk bottles down large flights of stone stairs.
 BB:- But what hell is it? Sub-Metal?
 Industrial Metal? Tribal Metal? Kettle Metal?
 SD:- The singer is taking time off from his day job with Metallica. BH:- Music that gives you face fuzz, some kinda Krishna connection here. It's either Buddhist metal or the Butthole Surfers on a glue-sniffing holiday to Tibet.

PERHAPS I'D RATHER NOT, YOU FREAKY ROCK-FACED SPAGHETTI-HEAD!

BABES IN TOYLAND "Painkillers" (Southern LP)
 SD:- They're a 90s version of "The Slits". BB:- What 'cos there's three of them? They're girls and they've got dreadlocks? SD:- No, no...err... Anyhow Nirvana are the Police for the 90s. BH:- Sounding better every release, even candier when seen live and direct.
 BB:- Intense, brooding and stinking of cheap gin. **"A Changed Woman, by Gravy"**

AND DOUBLE BAD DOINGS FROM PAIN TEENS "Destroy Me Lover" (Trance Syndicate LP)
 BB:- Hot poking shit! Like L7 in some nice flowery dresses. SD:- Good pair of pants on the back cover. BB:- Fuel injected thrash-a-thon tracks interspersed with weirdo tracks that are all goggley and right off the beaten track, creepy.
 BB:- Good to listen to pissed out of your head in a darkened room. I think you'd start to cry after a while.

WHY TAKE A POKE AT MY HOUSEKEEPING - JUST BECAUSE I'VE GOT A GORGEOUS NEW SINK?

HEARST SPRING SNAKE IN A TRANQUILIZER BOTTLE!
 When someone reaches for a bottle they get put up tight!

FUGAZI "Killtaker" (Dischord LP)
 SD:- I liked the LP when their singer Ian McKay had spunk all over his face on the front cover. BB:- That wasn't men's cream it was frenzied saliva.
 BH:- Ohh, they sound a lot more angry, maybe someone stepped on the singer's toe on his way into the studio.
 BH:- A lot of raw power, not so sloppy and polished as previous stuff.
 SD:- I'd take it more seriously if they were dressed as court jesters.
 BB:- Well, I was ready to lampoon it but it's rather spammy actually.

BAD BAD LADS MAGGOT SLAYER OVERDRIVE/CORPUS VILE
 "Soggy" (MCR Split LP)
 SD:- I like it a lot - It's like a cross between Disorder and The Accused - a half a pound of punk in a quarter pound bag with some dashing swashbuckling guitar bits. BH:- Filthy and furious - worth at least 50p of anyone's money. BB:- You'd expect them to be singing about the evils of 20th Century living and not Lamas, vinegar flies and "Jeeves and Wooster". SD:- The other band CORPUS VILE sound well manically Japanese with some throat scarring vocals from a boy/girl duo, larynx hell for all concerned. BH:- How thrash should be done without all the arsing around... Ace tune at the end about getting balloon drunk at a gig... Worth buying for that alone.

RUPTURED BUT ON TOP OF THE WORLD THANKS TO CRUSTY CIDER

REEFER MADNESS
EW! SOMEONE PEED IN THE SINK AND LEFT IT THERE!

I think it's a great idea to talk during sex (as long as it's about snooker).

ARE YOU A LAZY GIT?

... Then why not send a first class stamp for our latest catalogue (Issue 4). We can provide you with vinyl records from such labels as:

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AURAL RESPONSE

4 BRACKENDALE GROVE HARPENDEN HERTS AL5 3EJ

ME TALK SOFTIE TALK LOUD! ME WRAP SARNIES IN TORN SHROUD!

RUN, RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN! YOU CAN'T CATCH ME! I'M THE GINGER BREAD MAN!

FAUCET "Redwood" (Imp 7")
 SD:- Arf! The b-side is called "Steel belted penis". BB:- Very ponderous beginning - Why don't they just get the fuck on with it! BH:- The sort of thing they'd play on a merry-go-round if there was one in "Texas Chainstore Massacre". SD:- Not an immediate grab-your-throat-and-kiss-your-forehead thing, but still I rate it better than fried rice.

CHORDS "Eat Your Heat Out" (Fuel 7")
 SD:- No, not those crusty old mods. BB:- "PIL"esque wacky guitars with some Alex Harvey vocals. BH:- No, no, no - I can't be having this, it's just music to drown kittens to.

AC/DC

DRUG CULTURE

SLANT 6 "What Kind of Monster Are You?" (Dischord 7")
 BB:- Mmm...three lovely indie girls in nylon car coats and very high fringes. SD:- Scary stuff, pop power punk with some magic Ramones dust sprinkled over it... A summer song.
Is God A Conservative MP?
 67 "Bright Black" (Southern 7")
 BH:- Funkster indie sorta start, yes, it's a peppered up Wedding Present.
 SD:- Anyone of this and I'm going home.
 BB:- zzzzz...oh...You've all done very well.

OH MAN, WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS! HER PERIOD BLOOD STAIN HAS SOAKED CLEAR THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MATTRESS!

PUMP UP THE VOLUME! PLUMP UP THE CUSHIONS!

SCUSE ME WHILE I ADJUST MY FLY!

MAN, HOMEBOY BE JAZZED TO BE THINKIN UP THIS SHIT!

QUITE SO!

AND NOW!

PUBLIC SERVICE!

YES!

HEY! Did anyone do DRUGZ and listen to the first HENDRIX LP "Are You Experienced?"... Nah, me neither. But ANYWAY, should you ever do so it may or may not be brought to your attention that the lower case e's on the cover (excepting any found in the record company logo or any shit like that) have really distinct and pronounced INDIVIDUAL PERSONALITIES! All ten of 'em! So for your personal enhancement - as well as a firm commitment to our editorial belief that one should know their e's lest they know ye and find ye wanting - BUGS & DRUGS Public Services presents that All-Star 'e' line-up: THE JIMI HENDRIX E - SPERIENCE!!! SHINY AND SHAVEN

Cut off your ears.
 it and the singer sounds like he's asleep. BH:- Kinda fun... Oh to bugging hell with this, let's take our clothes off and rut. BB & SD:- OK!

I OPPOSE INDIVIDUALITY. BELIEVING IT LEADS TO ALL HUMAN CONFLICTS.

"All the way on the first date"

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HIDE HERE! WAIT! SPRINKLE RICE KRISPIES ON PATH TO SNAP-CRACKLE-POP WARNING!

WANK

OUI

THE Jimi Hendrix Experience

1. "e" OF WONDERMENT.
2. "e" OF CONFIDENCE.
3. "e" OF CONCERN.
4. THE BAFFLED "e"
5. THE "e" OF THE BLANK GENERATION
6. EVIL "e"
7. "e" OF ANXIETY.
8. ANGRY "e"
9. "e" OF BELLIGERENCE
10. "e" OF SHEER PANIC

WOW!

GONNA GET YOUR ASS BOY!

GOSH DARN! SOMEONE'S GONNA EYE AN EYE!

WHY DAD? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO SHOOT OLD YELLER?

LISTEN MAG! TALK ON YOUR ASS!

I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT!

GAH!

RICHARD BRANSON HORROR MASK
 Just pop on the mask and watch on screen! Hours of fun for a fraction of the price!

Great Nob

Well there you have it folks! Look for the e-sperience at civic and charity e-vents around your communit-e and e-member, let an "e" be your umbrella!!!

Not necessarily stoned, but, umm... hey, did I just puke on myself?

Rev Norbert Ugly

MARCO MERRICK LIBERALLY BUTTERED AND TIED TO A TREE!

REFRESHINGLY ORIGINAL!

Screamers



HE SAID YES

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